

A PESKY BAND TRYING TO POSE AS OUTLAWS.

The Cooleys Are Really Only a Pack of Petty Hen-Roost Raiders.

MEAN TO THE VERY CORE.

Without a Single Trait That Would Suit a Dime Novel Hero.

Still Nobody Seems Willing to Undertake Their Capture—Fayette County Either in Sympathy With Them or Afraid of Them—The Reason They Are Feared is That They Are Cowards and Bulls—Who Their Parents Were—Bad Boys From the Start—How the Lazy Whelps Organized What They Call a Gang—Not a Heroic Crime in Their Record—Very Small Potatoes to Keep a Whole County in Subjection.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

UNIONTOWN, Aug. 6.

ONLY a favored few of the Fayette county know the truth about the Cooleys and their band. As a matter of course every man, woman and child in Fayette and the adjoining counties know of the existence of the gang, but you may wonder through the section from Uniontown to the State line and you will not find more than a score of men who know the complete record.

And yet for more than 11 years the Cooleys and their associates have been busily engaged in committing all sorts and conditions of crime. They have burglarized almost every store and shop in the villages of Fairbance, Haydowntown and Smithfield; they have robbed old men of the fruits of years of toil, they have tortured and maimed women, they have abducted children and slaughtered cattle.

Enjoy a Sort of Popularity. They have committed all these overt acts and yet number their friends by hundreds and enjoy a kind of ghastly popularity in



Frank Cooley, the recognized leader.

community. The best proof of their social standing can be gleaned from the more or less varied experience of the Sheriff in his efforts to disrupt and capture the gang. Time and time again has Sheriff McCormick ridden to Fairbance village and wasted his eloquence and energy in a vain attempt to organize a posse of reputable citizens. He has always had his trouble for his pains. Directly they learned that they were expected to aid in bringing the Cooleys to justice these peace loving people of Fairbance declined bluntly to do the Sheriff's bidding, and figuratively speaking, washed their hands of the whole business.

In point of fact, 700 of the 1,000 people of Fairbance are in sympathy with the gang, and make no bones in saying so. The remaining 300 cordially hate the gang, and would rejoice over its downfall, but the majority of them are restrained from manifesting their true feelings, either by word or deed, by fear of the consequences. At a liberal estimate, there are 20 men in Fairbance to-day brave enough to join in an organized attack of the Cooleys, but when they see the sheriff's posse they melt away like a snowball.

is alike disgusted and dispirited at his lack of success. He has, so he says, spent \$500 of his own money in organizing possses, etc., and has received nothing in return. He still believes that a posse of 300 men could, if properly directed, surround and capture the gang. But the great difficulty is to find 300 men who are qualified and willing to start on the man hunt.

McCormick intends to make one more effort to induce his fellow citizens to aid him in vindicating the majesty of the law. If he fails, and judging from the records of the past he will, he will allow Cooley and his gang to do pretty much as they please. Knowing all these things the Sheriff is satisfied that nothing but a regiment of the



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National Guard can succeed in exterminating the gang.

The individuals of the band. At this writing the Cooley gang consists of nine men. They are: Frank Cooley, the head and front of the organization, "Jack" Ramsey, "Jim" Mitchell, "Bill" Lane, "Ed" Frey, "Sam" Yeager, "Isa" Tate, "Bunt" Frey, and a stranger from the West familiarly known as "That man from Montana."

These nine men are all young, none of them being over 30, and from a physical point of view are splendid specimens of manhood. Living as they do in the mountains they are weather proof and are capable of enduring almost any kind of physical strain. They are for the most part temperate in their habits and drink comparatively little liquor. Each one of the nine numbers among his earthly possessions a Marlin repeating rifle of the latest and most approved pattern, six Smith & Wesson revolvers, a long edged dirk knife and a heavy cartridge belt of the finest make.

When they travel in pairs, but if the "job" is a big one they work as a unit. They have a dozen rendezvous in the ravines of the picturesque Chestnut Ridge, a village of the Alleghenies. Their field of operations is a large one. It includes the villages of Fairbance, Haydowntown and Smithfield, the fertile valleys in the neighborhood of these villages and the hamlets located about the head waters of George's creek, York's run and Redstone creek.

The woman in the case. Frank Cooley is the acknowledged leader and his right hand man is Jack Ramsey. But most of the best work is done by a young and pretty woman named Lydia Pastors. She is the mistress of Frank Cooley and is exceedingly popular with the outlaws. She is known through the entire section as "Cooley's Queen," and her influence with Frank and his associates is simply marvelous. Every outrage perpetrated by the gang has been planned by her. "Cooley's Queen" is such a very clever little woman that she has succeeded thus far in keeping out of the entanglements of the law.

The Cooley homestead is an age-stained house of stone still standing in the southern corner of Fayette county. Thirty-six years ago this very month Lute Cooley owned a dark-colored mare of the name and brought her to this old stone house to live. The house, the fields around it and the clump of woodland in the rear had belonged to the Cooley family for more than half a century. At the time of his marriage Lute Cooley was a fresh-faced, strong-armed fellow of 24. His prospects were rosy. To be sure, his acres of his land were capable of yielding crops, but as he was a shoemaker by trade and owned the only cobbler's shop in George's township, the land was not worth much to him. As his bride was both pretty and energetic he tackled the momentous problem of living with the light-heartedness and energy of youth.

Hot words ensued and it ended in Lute ordering his son out of the house. There was an unpleasant domestic scene, but at 7 o'clock, on the night of the 20th of May, 1881, Frank Cooley turned his back on his parents and left the house. He went across the strip of turf to the dusty Smithfield road, and a moment later was lost in the gray shadows of the evening. Ten minutes later he met his chum, Jack Ramsey. The precious pair threw themselves on the grass by the side of the yellow country road, and indulged in a whiskey conference which lasted for more than an hour. When it was over the two lads had sworn to stand by each other through thick and thin. The fruits of this nocturnal conference

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More than a year later another member of the Cooley family, William Cooley by name, was prosecuted for assault on a woman named Elizabeth. At the same time and on the same day Oliver B. Cooley, another brother, had a hearing for surety of the peace on oath of Miss Rachel M. Davis. Both these cases were settled and then William and Oliver joined the gang. The outlaws wintered in the mountains, and aside from stealing chickens and food from the mountain farms and committing petty depredations. However, when the spring flowers bloomed again the gang settled down to serious work. In March, 1885, Frank Cooley was charged with assault and battery by a farmer, James M. Howell. The brothers eluded arrest, but Howell pushed the charge before the grand jury and the indictment is still pending against Frank and Dick Cooley with assault and battery by a farmer, James M. Howell. The brothers eluded arrest, but Howell pushed the charge before the grand jury and the indictment is still pending against Frank and Dick Cooley with assault and battery by a farmer, James M. Howell.

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what is more to the point, he made his peace with Frank Cooley and his boys. "Blood," he said, "is thicker than well water, and I believe the boys do mean well, even if they are a little quick with their guns." From that time on Frank Cooley and his comrades were welcomed to the paternal roof, and they visited the homestead at frequent intervals.

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FRAUDS IN ENGLAND

Quite as Prominent at Elections as They Are Anywhere Else.

VOTES CAST FOR MEN LONG DEAD, And Other Desperate Traits Forced on the Tories Nowadays.

GLADSTONE'S HEALTH IS NOT IMPROVED

(BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.) LONDON, Aug. 6.—[Copyright.]—The opening of the new British Parliament has been marked by a strange smoothness in comparison with the heated discussion of the general election. As a matter of fact, nothing was left to chance. Everything beforehand by the whips, so when Mr. Peel was proposed as speaker all went as harmoniously as though there were no parties in the State. Members have since been sworn in, and, contrary to expectation, no objection was made to Michael Davitt, several Tories having threatened to oppose his taking the oath on the ground that he was a convict who had not completed his term. Of course this was pure malice, as Davitt was released on a ticket of leave and his time has long since expired.

The great battle opens on Monday, when the Liberals move a vote of confidence in the Tories, with the certain result that Salisbury, Balfour and Co. will be ousted from office. The Irish Nationalists will vote solidly for the grand old man, though there is some soreness on the part of the Healyites that their champion was not invited to cooler with Mr. Gladstone at the time of the late election. The Tories, however, will wear of before the supreme demand for a united front on behalf of Ireland.

Hard Work to Get a Division. The Parmenties will also help to turn out Salisbury, while reserving to themselves the right of independent action later in the event of the measure of home rule not being sufficient to meet their views. But they have not yet put in an appearance at Westminster. John Redmond, however, has intimated his intention of speaking on the no-confidence resolution, and as so many Tories have given similar notice it is believed to be impossible for the House to divide so soon as Tuesday night. The whips on both sides, however, are doing their utmost to effect this.

The number of election petitions which have been lodged against Tory members has been further increased this week, and so far to what desperate straits the party has been driven to maintain its position in the country. The most significant object of all is that against Mr. Balfour, whose agents are charged with wholesale "treating and bribery." Beside this, some of the crimes charged against him. I could tell you where he is this minute, but I won't. If you want to talk to me about the baby in the wood, I will tell you, but I am not such a fool as to talk about the boys. When Frank is home he lives right in this house with me. But he is not likely to take place before November.

Lida's father is a blacksmith, and with his daughter's consent lives in his own house.

IN NO MAN'S LAND. A Country That is Losing Its Lawless Character—The Fertility of Its Soil Attracting a Bad Class of Settlers—A Harbor for Brigands.

"No Man's Land may be opened to immigration within a short time," remarked A. L. Hanna, of Dennison, Tex., while at the Duquesne Hotel yesterday. Mr. Hanna is a prominent financial man at his Texas home, and is the Secretary of the Texas Immigration Committee.

"This strip of territory," he continued, "which for years past has been the unsavory reputation of any part of the United States, is titillable soil and would be of considerable value and would undoubtedly serve as a great inducement to immigrants. The history of No Man's Land abounds with tragical occurrences. It first became known to the heads-quarters for the infamous band of desperadoes, the band of Colonel Quantrell. On account of the great distance the territory was from a civilized community, its distance from the nearest town was about 12 miles. The territory, it gradually became a safe harbor for cattle thieves, outlaws and other disreputable, who gradually filled it up and made it a den of thieves. It was a territory, it gradually became a safe harbor for cattle thieves, outlaws and other disreputable, who gradually filled it up and made it a den of thieves.

"In later years the Jesse James gang of bandits retreated to No Man's Land, and it was there that they committed their most atrocious crimes were committed without the slightest remark being made about them.

"The statement of Mr. Sterling, of Wickliffe, Ky., will be of special interest to mechanics, many of whom have had a similar experience. I am a cooper by trade, and for many years have been in the West. About 12 months ago I had an attack of diarrhoea, which became chronic. I was treated by two prominent physicians of Chicago, but from them received no benefit. I then went to Texas, where I was again treated by a leading physician with results similar to those I had previously experienced. It came to me in Wickliffe, Ky., in a very debilitated condition, consequent upon this long continued trouble. I went to a drug-store for relief, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was very popular here.—G. W. SHRYVE, Druggist, Wickliffe, Ky.

A Sign on Your House Some time ago may have brought you some news for your rooms, but not so nowadays. The entire room advertising columns, under "Rooms to Let" in The Dispatch, answer that purpose with better results to-day.

Excursion to Atlantic City Via R. & O. E. R. On Monday, August 10, Rate \$10 the round trip, and tickets good for 15 days and good to stop at Washington City. Train leaves Pittsburgh at 2 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Swiss in line, great in results: De Witt Little's Early Risers. Best pill for constipation. Best for sick headache and sour stomach.

MURDERED A PRINCE.

Jacques Causes a Terrible Tragedy in an Aristocratic Russian Family.

MOSCOW, Aug. 6.—At a grand ball arranged by the officers' corps of the Czar's Body Hussars, held here last night at the Casino, First Lieutenant Iven Raitovich suddenly stepped into the middle of the room, drew a pistol from his bosom, and deliberately aimed and shot Prince Nicholas Sussolovitch, a brother officer, who was waltzing with the Lieutenant's affianced. The Prince, who received the bullet in his heart, fell dead, dragging his partner with him to the floor. The assassin, amid the wild yells of the crowd, stepped over the body of his comrade, raised the head of his affianced by clutching her hair, and then blew his own brains out.

All this happened in less than 30 seconds. So quickly were the shots fired that interference was impossible. The cries of the terrified women first gave the alarm to those in other parts of the hall. The young lady who was dragged from the grip of her murdered partner is now lying at the point of death. The deed has created the wildest excitement in Russian upper circles, where all parties to the tragedy were the guests of the Czar has ordered a special report to be forwarded to him by telegram. The murdered Prince had been warned beforehand by Raitovich who was dragged from the grip of her murdered partner is now lying at the point of death.

BARON HIRSCH'S FAILURE. His Hebrew Colony in the Argentine Transferred to a Mob of Idiots.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—A letter printed in yesterday's issue of the Hebrew Chronicle confirms the failure of Baron Hirsch's colony in the Argentine Republic. The writer declares that the condition of affairs at Moiseville, the name of the colony, baffles description.

The land selected for the settlement was ill-chosen, and an enormous number of families are huddled together in tents and shacks, where they have been living for months in idleness and intrigue. The efforts to reform the colony made by Colonel Goldsmid on his arrival was the cause of his receiving heaps of threatening letters, and Colonel Goldsmid was obliged to seek for protection. He, therefore, sent a report to the colony. Eight hundred of the colonists have sailed for Europe within a month.

A Lowell Memorial in Westminster. LONDON, Aug. 6.—Leslie Stephen writes that the subscription has been opened for the proposed Lowell memorial. He says the committee having the matter in charge have already received more than sufficient support to insure the erection of a monument in the chapter house of Westminster Abbey. The character of the commemorative tablet to be placed under the window, he adds, depends upon the amount of subscriptions.

Middletons Won't Oppose Gladstone. LONDON, Aug. 6.—At a meeting of Unionists in Middlethorpe to-day it was decided not to oppose Mr. Gladstone when he comes before the people for re-election on accepting office.

Nine Tansians Drowned. TUNIS, Aug. 6.—A ferryboat plying on the Mejorda river was capsized in mid-stream to-day, and nine of the persons on board of her were drowned.

ON TWO CENTS A DAY

Many of the Russian Famine Sufferers Keep Body and Soul Together.

PEASANTS NEED LITTLE. A Contractor Makes Money Giving Four Meals for Nine Cents.

GREAT DANGER FROM CHOLERA. The American Donations Were the Means of Saving Many Lives.

CARPENTER'S VISIT TO NIJNI-NOVGOROD

CONDEMNATION OF THE DISPATCH. SAMARA, RUSSIA, July 25.

AM now in the heart of the worst of the famine districts of Russia. I entered them about Moscow, and I passed through hundreds of miles of famine territory in coming to the Volga.

The hunger and sickness were great in Kazan and Nijni, which provinces I visited on my way to Samara, and all along this great river from here to the Caspian Sea there are to-day millions who are dependent on the supplies they get from charity.

The typhus fever has to a certain extent subsided, but the report has just been received here that the Asiatic cholera, which has been ravaging Persia, is steadily marching into the regions about the Caspian sea, and that it is already at the mouth of the Volga at Astrakhan. The fright here regarding it is terrible, and should it make its way northward, as it is all probability will, the horrors of the last winter will be surpassed by those of the coming fall.

Not Strong Enough to Fight Cholera. These millions, who have been starved for months, are not in a condition to fight with disease, and the cholera can bring but one result—the death of millions. The authorities are doing all they can to prevent such a terrible disaster, but the trade of Volga is so great and its travel so immense that it is hard to see how they can succeed.

At this writing in July the people are fearful as to the prospect of the coming year. There has been a danger of drought. A few